Wanly 2. Copy in Lib. E. 2

THE

WHIM OF THE DAY,

(FOR 1800.)

BEING AN

ENTERTAINING SELECTION

OF THE

CHOICEST AND MOST APPROVED

SONGS,

NOW SINGING

At the THEATRES-ROYAL, ANACREONTIC SOCIETY, the BEEF-STEAK CLUB,

And other Convivial and Polite Assemblies.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

THE CONVIVIAL TOAST-MASTER;

OR,

PRESIDENT's SENTIMENTAL GUIDE

LONDON:

PRINTED BY AND FOR J. ROACH, AT THE Britannia Printing Office, RUSSEL-COURT, DRURY-LANE.

Price One Shilling.

INDEX.

A — Pag

Arise! arise! 'tis Britain's pride, - - - 24
Arrah! what a big nose, &c. - - - - 31
Arrah! fait, but the poet's a fool here, - - 50
A bankrupt in trade, fortune frowning on shore, 74
A jolly fat friar lov'd liquor, good store, - - 79

B

Brother tars in my time, - - - - 8
Blow, Warder, blow thy sounding horn, - 80

C

Come, come, my lads, attend to me, - - 23
Come, my charming dear, - - - - 32
Come ladies and gentlemen, open your optics, - 51
Come, now the heroes of this war, - - - 76

D

Dang it! I be glad to zee you all, I vow, - 18

E

Ere I had compleated my seventeeth year, - 48
Exchanging vows of mutual love, - - - 72

F

From pity's power thou need'st not fly, - - 33
From my old maiden aunty this lesson I got, - 62
First beneath a willow's shade, - - - 79

G

Page

Grant me her for whom I sigh, - - - 77

H

Habakuk's my name, it's well known, &c. - 7

I

If the man but goes right who follows his nose, - 46
Indeed, I must own, they are Christians by name, 47
In defence of the blessings true freedom bestows, 64
In penance for past folly, - - - - 67
I've read of love and all his tricks, - - 75
In our forefathers time, &c. - - - - *ib.*

L

Loud howl'd the winds, - - - - 10

M

My mother oft talk'd of the beaux of the town, - 15
My name's Obadiah! a Quaker I am, - - 17
Majestic rose the god of day, - - - - 26
My mother got married, my father got me, - 41
My massa be lor of de black castle, - - - 57

N

Nay, nay, deary, be not shy, - - - - 54
Near those rugged towers, - - - - 61
Now, Mynheer Van Hoot, sare, - - - 69
Near bowery Richmond, Thames's pride, - 71

O

Oh, the Maid of the Wold, &c. - - - 11
O yes, O yes, O yes! - - - - 15
Oh! health and long life to you all, - - 27

Page

Oh! why dost thou shiver and shake, - - 45
Oh! open the door, thou dear unkind, - - 49
O'er the gloomy woods resounding, - - 81

P

Prithee, Sally, speak thy mind, - - - 58

S

Since Dick and Nell were man and wife, - 21
Source of life, and fount of light, - - - 35
Sure I vas an Hebrew man, - - - - 39
Sam Steel is my name, &c. - - - - 66

T

Though cloudy skies and storms appear, - - 22
To fight for old England, says Teddy O'Casey, 38
'Twas in the solemn midnight hour, - - 29
There ne'er was a name so handed by fame, - 30
Together then we'd fondly stray, - - - 36
To the gallant arm'd train, - - - - 44
Tho' foster'd in the humble cot, - - - 47
The moon with silver beams, - - - 57
The dangers of a raging fight, - - - 52
To lecture I come, and your pardon I crave, - 53
Though fix'd in humble state, - - - 54
To-morrow's a cheat, let's be merry to-day, - 55
The times are gone by, - - - - - 56
There was a little girl, - - - - 62
The broom bloom'd so fresh and so fair, - - 63
That a camp is my glory and boast, - - 73
The nations so wedded to arms, fame, and glory, 65
To be bold in her cause, let Britannia inspire, - 82

U

Unmov'd I'll brave the roaring sea, - - - 12
Up and down, round about, all the streets I paraded, 19

W

	Page
What matters your ditties, &c. - - -	9
When blust'ring Gallia loudly roar'd - -	25
When first from Kilkenny, as fresh as a daisy, -	34
When the bonny grey morning, &c. - -	37
When Sandy told his tale of love, - - -	38
Why, fair maid, in every feature, - -	43

Y

Young William seeks my heart to move, - -	17
You may talk of your wonders by land, &c. -	64
Yes, yes, be merciless, thou tempest dire, -	78

THE

WHIM OF THE DAY.

SONG.

Sung by Mr. MUNDEN, *in the Naval Pillar.*

HABAKUK's my name, it's well known to my friends
That my ditties are made up of queer odds and ends,
I can't in fine cadence your hearings assail,
Nor wind up each close like a rattlesnake's tail.
Plain, frank and free,
My song shall be;
In vain for fine verses my brain I wou'd thresh,
For—What's bred in the bone won't come out of the flesh.

Our foes on the ocean sent plenty of ships,
But it's—Not the best carpenter makes the most chips;
They promis'd to give Britain's sailors a beating,
Tho'—The proof of the pudding they found in the eating.
The sans culottes,
In rafts and boats,
They wou'dn't be quiet, tho' ask'd to be civil—
Set a beggar on horseback he'll ride to the devil.

Our island is small, yet it plainly appears,
That—Fishes tho' little have often great ears.
The French have five kings, but their threats are all froth,
For—Too many cooks do but ruin good broth.
Their sovereigns five,
And all their hive,
Are welcome Britannia to catch when they get her,
For—Tho' Brag's a good dog yet Holdfast is a better.

For their threats of invasion we ne'er car'd a rush—
A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.
They may think open-mouth'd to devour us like sharks,
But—Till the sky falls we must wait to catch larks.
My friends, if we
Do but agree,
Old England her bitterest foes may defy.
To attemp to say—Black is the white of her eye.

SONG.

Sung by Mr. FAWCETT, *in the Same.*

BROTHER tars in my time,
I've sung many a rhyme,
But the song I now trouble you with,
Has some claim to applause,
And you'll own it because,
The subject's Sir Sidney Smith—It is.
The subject's, &c.

You all know Sir Sidney,
A man of such kidney,
He'd fight all the French he could meet,
Give him one ship or two,
And without more ado.
He'd engage if he met a whole fleet—He would.
He'd engage, &c.

Thus he took, as folks say,
All that came in his way,
Till fortune, a whimsical elf,
Order'd accidents so,
That in fighting the foe,
Poor Sir Sidney was taken himself—He was.
Sir Sidney was, &c.

The French were so glad,
Of the prize they now had,
They refus'd every offer we bid,
And swore he should stay,
Lock'd up till dooms-day,
But he swore he'd be damn'd if he did—He did.
He swore, &c.

If Sir Sidney was wrong,
Why then black-ball my song,
E'en our foes he would scorn to deceive,
His escape was but just,
And confess it you must,
For it only was taking French leave—You know.
It only was, &c.

The great Gallic chief,
Flush'd with fury and grief,
Satisfaction most proudly required,
Says Sir Syd, with all heart,
So he gave Buonaparte,
Rather more than he wish'd or desired.
He did, &c.

SONG.

Sung by Mr. JOHNSTONE, *in the Same.*

WHAT matter your ditties, your jokes, and norations
Of lawyers, and doctors, still making your game,
Wid your gallipots, parchments, and clients and patients,
And all such cantankerous stuff as that same.

In praise of our admirals, captains, and sailors,
I'll sing, and long life to the lads and all such,
Who on the salt ocean were never yet failers,
In banging the Spaniards, the French, and the Dutch.
And sing fillalloo, smallilloo, ditheroo whack,
Let an enemy come, and we'll trundle him back,
While the lads of the ocean shall tell the proud elf,
He may go the devil and shake himself.

Didn't Frenchmen one June to our lads cry peccavi?
Lord Howe he did pelt 'em thro' thunder and smoke,
With British hard dumplins without any gravy,
Till Mounseer no longer could relish the joke.
And then didn't Jarvis the Spaniards beleather,
Then Duncan and Nelson completed the job,
To shew we can beat 'em all three both together,
As fast as each plases to put up his nob.
And sing fillalloo, &c.

Each wave as it washes our shores wou'd soon tell us,
If it had but a tongue, and cou'd speak what was just,
How it carried to glory our brave honest fellows,
How oft on its surface our foes bit the dust.
And now to be building on land you'd be after,
Some trophy of honour their actions to grace,
While they have built one for themselves on the water,
The devil himself cou'dn't shove from its place.
And fillalloo, &c.

LOUD HOWL'D THE WIND.

Sung by Mr. DIGNUM, *in the Embarkation.*

LOUD howl'd the winds when Albion's shore,
We left, and steer'd for Holland's coast;
But justice spread her sails afore,
To animate our gallant host.

Our hearts with valour beating high,
As gallant Mitchell brav'd the gale,
Rough storms and thunder did defy,
Since truth and honour swell'd the sail.
For old Neptune e'er will be
The friend of British liberty.

For courage long the guards renown'd,
Dauntless beheld the raging main;
And when on them the tempest frown'd,
Justice, they cried, our cause will gain.
Then may our sailors e'er be found,
And our brave soldiers to unite;
For where the cause and heart are found,
They bid defiance to the fight.
And old Neptune, &c.

SONG.

Sung by Mrs. CROUCH, *in Feudal Times.*

OH, the Maid of the Wold, how she travers'd the land,
To court the rude touches of winter's chill hand!
The wind on her bosom of lilies blew bleak,
And the snow fell in flakes, on the rose of her cheek.

Drear, drear was the prospect; all clouded the sky;
But the sunshine of liberty beam'd in her eye:—
She cried, while the wet from her ringlets she prest—
I am free as the blast that blows over my breast!

Sweet Maid of the Wold! as unshelter'd you stray,
That bliss of the poor—all the world for your way
If one pensive moment should flit o'er your mind,
Drop a tear for a captive, in sorrow confin'd.

SONG.

Sung by Mrs. BLAND, *in the Embarkation.*

UNMOV'D I'll brave the roaring sea,
Tho' threat'ning billows roll;
For William, ah! my love with thee,
No fear can daunt my soul:
Blest in thy arms, I'll fate defy,
And count it happiness to die,
Hey down, adown, adown.

When on the foreign shore we land,
No foe shall me affright;
Still by William will I stand,
And cheer him to the fight:
Be living seen, when all is sped,
Or found together mid the dead.
Hey down, &c.

SONG.

Sung in the Comedy of What is She.

HEART, I thought thy peace was flown,
Joy and hope for ever gone,
Reason's help I ask'd in vain;
Time friendly healing,
Softens each feeling,
And peace and hope return home.

Tranquil hours how short your stay,
Sorrow still hung o'er your way,
Time his aid had lent in vain,
Love softly stealing,
Points new each feeling,
And sighs and tears return again.

THE TOWN CRIER.

Sung by Mr. SUETT, *at Drury-Lane Theatre.*

O Yes, O yes, O yes!
Lost, or mislaid, or stolen, or stray'd,
The character, the decency, the duty of a youth,
Who was fam'd till this accident, for probity and truth,
Who assuag'd his parents sorrow, alleviated all their cares,
And who, with matchless honour regulated their affairs.
And who with matchless, &c.

Speaks.) This young man was seen to come out of his father's banker's, he was beckoned to by a lady in a hackney coach, he drove to a jeweller's, where he bought her a fine diamond necklace, danced with a roaring party at a tavern, and in the evening was heard to talk very loud at the opera; he was afterwards introduced to a house not a hundred miles from St. James's, where it is supposed he could get no supper, for he was seen about three o'clock in the morning, to swallow dice and eat cards.

Who to his wretched parents the misguided youth will bring,
Besides the satisfaction of doing a good action,
He shall receive a sum, more than mines can ee'r afford,
He shall see the peace and comfort of a family restor'd.
God save the king.

O yes, O yes, O yes!
Lost, or mislaid, or stolen, or stray'd,
The tears of a widow, rich, wealthy, and fair,
Who nurs'd a rich old husband half a year with tender care,
Who lov'd him not for his riches, conveniency, or pelf,
All which is very true, for she told him so herself,
All which is very, &c.

Speaks.) As this poor unfortunate young lady was seen about two hours after her husband's death to go to the Commons to prove his will, where it is supposed, that a glance from the eye of a handsome young proctor, so dried and absorbed up the tears of the disconsolate widow, that she has never been seen to cry but once since, and then was detected with an onion in her pocket handkerchief.

Who to this wretched mourner, these same precious drops will bring,
Besides the satisfaction of doing a good action,
Shall receive a gracious smile, which is all that can be proffer'd,
As they will be cried no more, nor any great reward offer'd.

God save the king.

O yes, O yes, O yes!
Lost, or mislaid, or stolen, or strayed,
The knife and fork of an alderman—a counsellor's wig—
The dice-box of a Grecian—a parson's tythe pig—
The fan of a lady—a false tooth also,
The hair powder licence, and the hair powder belonging to a beau.

Speaks.) As these poor unfortunate sufferers are nearly ruined, and deprived of their livelihood by the loss of these respective articles, they being their working tools, the charitable and humane are hereby humbly requested to take into consideration their forlorn condition.

And who to these poor people, these same articles will bring,
Besides the satisfaction of doing a good action,
Many thanks they shall receive from the charitable donors,
As they are very little use to any body but the owners.

God save the king.

THE BEAUX OF NINETY-NINE.

Sung by Mrs. MOUNTAIN, *at Vauxhall.*

MY mother oft talk'd of the beaux of the town,
Who by sword-knot, or bag, had gain'd great renown,
With powder, pomatum, and different perfumes,
You might smell out a beau, tho' in different rooms;
Well, to London I'm come, to see these fine elves,
But I find them so alter'd they don't know themselves;
Our beaux, for I find they retain still the name,
Take a different road to the Temple of Fame.
Pantaloons, short sticks, half boots, and half coat,
A neat colour'd handkerchief tied round the throat,
A scrubbing-brush head, with check collar so fine,
Mark the beaux and the smarts of the year ninety-nine.

In the days when my mother was airy and young,
Smart fellows, she says, danc'd, ogled, and sung,
They dress'd too with care, our hearts to trepan,
Were on tiptoe to please, aye, all to a man;
Now lounging and careless, it plainly appears,
That the fashion's much alter'd within a few years.
The fashion of wishing to please is gone by,
Not to please is the plan they successively try.
Pantaloons, short sticks, &c.

Now fashions with no bright allurements betray,
Our belles quite disgusted, her vot'ries survey,
When the bosom of beauty owns love's pleasing pain,
'Tis for one of those men who such fashions disdain;
Take the hint, O, ye men! to find grace in those eyes,
Throw off this disgraceful postillion disguise;
Appear like your fathers, like gentlemen move,
And like them be rewarded with beauty and love.
Pantaloons, short sticks, &c.

A BUNDLE OF PROVERBS.

Sung by Mr. MUNDEN, *at Covent-Garden Theatre.*

MY name's Obadiah, a Quaker I am—(hum!)
In spirit a lion, in figure a lamb:
'Tis true, I can't sing like the smarts of the town—(ham!)
But I now and then chaunt out a stave of my own;
In Britain's praise,
My voice I'll raise—
May no foreign follies her sons bewitch!—(hum!)
If the blind lead the blind both will fall in the ditch—(hum!)

The French in their pride talk of conquering, true—
But 'tis one thing to say, and another to do:
Let them meet our brave tars, and they quickly retire,
For I've heard that burnt children dread sorely the fire.
They vaunting, roar
They'll soon come o'er,
And get us all under their claws in a trice;
But you know noisy cats very seldom catch mice.

I own they've done much by their fighting and burning,
But 'tis a long lane that has never a turning!
They rail at our laws, and religion, alas!
Those should never throw stones who have windows of glass.
They proudly boast
Their conquering host,
To humble old England shall soon be dispatch'd;
But some reckon their chickens before they are hatch'd.

In numbers they greatly exceed us, 'tis clear,
But two prest men's not equal to one volunteer;
In vain they are striving—mind not their alarms,
Sure they'll not find us babes, tho' we'll all be in arms.
Yea, faith and troth,
I'm mov'd to wrath,
Friend, lend me thy weapon—and I for one,
Will prove the old proverb as sure as a gun.

Now, tho' I'm a Quaker, I don't quake for fear,
For a thousand hot words will not sour good beer;
If we firmly unite, we may laugh at their tricks,
Let us mind the old tale of the bundle of sticks.
In friendship's bands,
Join heart in hands,
Let the spirits of Englishmen move us all!
While the props are firm the old house cannot fall.

YOUNG WILLIAM.

Sung by Miss HOWELLS, *at Vauxhall.*

YOUNG William seeks my heart to move,
And sighs and talks so much of love,
He'll hang or drown, I fear it;
Of pangs, and wounds, and pointed darts,
Of Cupid's bow, and bleeding hearts,
I vow I cannot bear it.

He says I'm pretty—mighty well,
And witty too, that's better still,
And sensible, I swear it;
But words we know are nought but wind,
Unless he'll freely speak his mind,
I vow I cannot bear it.

The shepherd dances blithe and gay,
And sweetly on the pipe can play,
I own, I like to hear it;
But down-cast looks, and hums and haws,
So badly plead a lover's cause,
I vow I cannot bear it.

I wish some friendly nymph or swain,
Would bid the bashful boy speak plain,
I'd wed him, I declare it;
Then pluck up courage, like my sex,
The honest swain no more I'd vex,
Nor vow, I cannot bear it.

JACOB GAWKEY's RAMBLE TO BATH.

Recited and sung by Mr. BAYNES, *at the Royal Circus.*

DANG it! I be glad to zee ye all, I vow,
What, don't ye knaw me?—I'd forgot my bow.
[*Bows awkwardly.*
Why, I be Jacob Gawkey—zure you can't well vail,
To knaw me, when you see my vine pig's tail.
In Lunnon town, I liv'd a zorry life,
But some do love a deeal of noise and strife;
It wouldn't do for I—zoo down I come,
And vor this good while past I've liv'd at whoame.
I often laugh to think—I can't tell why,
How pleas'd! how vrighten'd! and amaz'd war I,
To zee the Lunnon folk!—'tween I and you,
They all do knaw—how many beans make two!
The day that I zet off—I met a mon,
A ax'd how I did, and sheak'd my hon;
I thought un desp'rate kind, and ax'd his name,
You been't Ralph Dumps? zaid I—zaid he the very same,
Atak'd exact leek! but var more zivil,
But that's not strange, I think I war the devil!
(Nay, doan't ye laugh, vor I ha heard volks zay,
The devil's in Lunnon ev'ry night and day,)
I thought no harm, but while I gap'd about,
A vairly turn'd my pocket inside out!
Zoo off a war—and yi' all his mighty zense,
A got noa moor than dree or vower pence;
Noa, noa, thought I, my gentleman, I'll baulk ye,
Thou't rise betimes to outwit Jacob Gawkey!
My vare egod war paid, and zoo vor vear,
I zaw'd my money in a bag in here.
[*Turning his knee, shews the under part.*
I didn't mind my loss not a single, not I, a single pin,
I thought myzel well off, to zave my skin!
My skin!—nay, varther zays, 'twar al his vears,
They'd zend me back—without my head and ears!
At last, however, I got down and zafe,
'Tis west o'this 'bout seven miles and a half;

It being an idle day, I thought I'd come,
To zee the zights of Bath, and then go home,
What here I zeed to you I'm going to zay,
Or if you please—I'll zing it in a zimple way.

SONG.

Tune—*Ally Croaker.*

UP and down, round about, al the streets I paraded,
And zeen beaux who didn't know their beauties war vaded,
Their cuoates war zoo cut away—breeches to expose, zur,
And heads zoo bevrizz'd—curdles cover'd half their nose, zur.
Their cuoates war zoo, &c.

Then the ladies zoo dress—they do bury all their chin, zur,
Zoo lac'd in the middle—to look taper and thin, zur,
While behind, hoops and all, they do need nothing moor, zur,
But weight enow to balance what they carry here avore zur.
Behind hoops, &c.

How I laugh'd, O my zides, to zee zome ladies walking,
Al about vast asleep! and what's more, they were talking
But in a dream, I suppose, vor al round about their heads zur,
The curtains war drawn, just as tho' they war in bed, zur.
In a dream, &c.

In the Crezzunt, 'tis as fine a place as ever I did zee, zur,
The beaux shorten paces with the beiles to a ree, zur,
Niddle, noddle, to and fro—and to view each that passes,
For vear their eyes should wear out, they do stare dro looking glasses.
[*Mimics their manners aukwardly.*
Niddle, noddle, &c.

But pretending short zight, zarves a good turn enow, too,
They can anverlook those that they don't wish to bow to,
And at beauties can squinny with their glasses cock'd so close, zur,
Zometimes you would think, they war hook'd nose by nose, zur.
At beauties, &c.

In the pump room vull cramm'd—'tis a zight for to zee, zur,
And stranger to tell, there all ranks do agree, zur,
Vor leek corks in a box, stuck upright check by jowl, zur,
Push but one, and bob goes the bodies of the whole, zur.
Leek corks, &c.

But what pleas'd I the maust, war to zee in fine weather,
Vine volk ride about in them things made of leather;
While two men wid long polls—all the world like a bier, zur,
Trot along with the corpse—stuck an end in the air, zur.
Two men, &c.

Now you'll hardly believe, but you may if it please ye,
That I got a ride in one—I thought 'twar zoo eazy,
Trot along they did go—I went bibbity bob, zur.
[*Mimics the chairman.*
And now and then, bang 'gainst the zide went my nob, zur.
Along they, &c.

But all at once they did stop—because they could not pass, zur,
And pop! I could not help it, went my noddle dro the glass, zur,
Then quite overzet—dro the casement they haul'd me,
Dang it! I shall never vorget how they maul'd me!
Quite overzet, &c,

Al about war such racketing, such rioting, and ringing,
Zuch crying, and laughing, and vidling, and zinging,
And at night—here and there zivil leadies zoo pretty!
Do zay—How d'ye do, zur, wherever they do meet ye.
At night, &c.

At last having zeed al the zights and fine places,
Zhops, baths, rooms, parades, and a zight o' strange vaces,
I thought I'd come here, tho' my tale made ye laugh, zurs,
To tell ye this zight pleases I the best by half, zurs!
[Viewing the audience.
I thought, &c.

Now don't ye, dread critics—zhew a spark of ill-nature,
My wish is to please—you may read in each feature.
O the pleasure of pleasing, my wish shall be for ever,
And you al to please—be my constant endeavour.
The pleasure of pleasing, &c.

THE FLITCH OF BACON.

Sung by Mr. DIGNUM, *at Vauxhall.*

WRITTEN BY MR. VINT.

SINCE Dick and Nell were man and wife,
They lov'd each other dearly;
Their days had all been free from strife,
And time had glided chearly.
They thought of all the wedded throng,
Their plea must sure be taken;
So cheek by jowl they trudg'd along,
To claim the Flitch of Bacon.

Now on the road, says Dick to Nell,
If things are manag'd rarely,
In future we'll do passing well,
Odsbobs! we'll gattle rarely!
We ne'er have quarrel'd day or night,
So faith I'm much mistaken,
If e'er a pair have half the right
To claim the Flitch of Bacon.

My dear, cried Nell, to sell the flitch,
Do let me now persuade ye;
'Twill serve to make you mainly rich,
And I so fine a lady;
So say no more, but let the prize,
To market strait be taken;
For sure 'twill prove us monstrous wise,
To sell the Flitch of Bacon.

Now each persisting, tit for tat,
In their respective cases,
They fought at last like dog and cat,
And scratch'd each other's faces.
Thus those who try to gut their fish,
Before 'tis safely taken,
Like Dick and Nell, oft spoil their dish,
Who lost the Flitch of Bacon.

HOW BLEST THE BRITISH SAILOR.

Sung by Mr. DENMAN, *at Vauxhall.*

THO' cloudy skies and storms appear,
The sailor's heart is blithe and gay,
No pain he feels, no danger fear,
But merry sings this roundelay:—
When safe on shore,
All cares are o'er,
Where beauty's smile
Rewards his toil,
How blest the British sailor.

From love alone my cares arose,
When late I went, more wealth to seek,
Like dew-drops on the damask rose,
The tears look'd bright on Nelly's cheek.

Now safe on shore,
Her cares are o'er;
Her chearful smile,
Rewards my toil;
How blest the constant sailor.

The sailor's duty he performs,
Rewarded by the fair one's love,
Her smiles are sunshine after storms,
That clouds of anxious doubts remove;
Where safe on shore,
All cares are o'er,
Where beauty's smile,
Rewards his toil,
How blest the British sailor.

RECRUITING OFFICER.

Sung by Mr. BETTS, *at the Royalty Theatre, in the Royal Review.*

WRITTEN BY C. F. BARRETT.

COME, come, my lads, attend to me,
I'll tell you what's a soldier's life,
We're full of mirth and jollity,
And often jig it to a fife;
But should the haughty foe presume,
Our country's rights for to invade,
We'll shoulder arms, and marching soon,
Prove all their threats a masquerade.
Whilst the merry little drum goes row dow dow,
Whilst the merry, &c.
To British valour all must bow,
Whilst the merry, &c.

Then since our country wants our aid,
Boys, let us all united be,
At danger never be dismay'd,
The cause is British loyalty:
Our king and laws we'll still defend—
'Tis but our duty, that is clear;
We'll stand by them till life doth end,
For freedom's to each Briton dear.
Whilst the merry, &c.
We'll make each haughty foe to bow,
Whilst the merry, &c.

So come my boys, and enter strait,
Wou'd you as gentlemen appear,
Before your much lov'd Nan or Kate,
Why, zounds! become a volunteer;
Besides, when peace shall bless our isle,
And smiling children grace our knee,
What joy to tell them of each toil,
We brav'd, to set our country free.
Whilst the merry, &c.
So come away, and enter now.
Whilst the merry, &c.

GRAND CHORUS.

Sung this Season at Astley's Amphitheatre.

ARISE! arise! 'tis Britain's pride,
To spare a captive foe:
Enough that battle's purple tide,
Should for a moment flow.
But once the dreadful conflict o'er,
And war's proud ensign furl'd;
A Briton deems his foes no more,
In friendship with the world.

THE HIGHGATE VOLUNTEERS.

WRITTEN BY JOHN SMITH, ESQ. LIEUTENANT OF THE CORPS.

Compoſed by Mr. Willſon.

WHEN bluſt'ring Gallia loudly roar'd,
Her threats to neighb'ring nations round,
Her lure, was Freedom's form ador'd,
The ſacred boon to Britiſh ground:
Fair Freedom's ſons to arms then flew,
A generous, valiant, happy crew;
And ſoon to guard the land, appears
A hoſt of Loyal Volunteers.

United in one mind and cauſe,
To guard their king and their juſt laws,
To curb the pride of haughty France,
Behold Britannia's ſons advance,
With minds that pureſt freedom know,
Scorning Frenchmens' threaten'd blow;
While beauty gratefully appears
To greet her manly Volunteers.

Born and nurs'd in Freedom's iſle,
Where's nature's bounties ſweetly ſmile;
We'll have no vile intruders here,
To take thoſe bleſſings we revere:
Then ceaſe thy threats, vain, impious France,
Nor dare unto our coaſts advance,
Deſtruction waits thy coming here—
Thus vows each Britiſh Volunteer.

On our lov'd hill, where health is found,
Where nature paints the ſcenes around—
Where female beauty gives us cheer,
And greets each Highgate Volunteer;

United firm in heart and hand,
Our country shall our lives command;
And when the enemy appears,
They'll meet undaunted Volunteers.

Come, fill up bumpers. fill them high,
Our loyal shouts shall rend the sky;
Here's our lov'd king—God him preserve,
And those commanders whom we serve.
Brave Ranicar, and Bolland too,
Shall ever find us firm and true;
Then let us give with three loud cheers
The King and British Volunteers.

HENRY AND ROSA.

Sung by Mrs. JORDAN, *in the Secret.*

MAJESTIC rose the god of day,
In yon bright burnish'd sky,
Old Ocean kindled at the ray,
And heav'd himself on high:
On the deck Henry stood,
To view the swelling tide,
Ah—no—Henry—no!
He thought not of the flood,
'Twas Rosa by his side.

Now softly sunk the setting sun
Beneath his wat'ry bed,
The evening watch was hush'd and done,
The pilot hung his head.
On the deck Rosa staid,
To view the waters glide,
Ah—no—Rosa—no!
Such thought ne'er touch'd the maid,
'Twas Henry by her side.

HOLIDAY TIME.

Sung by Mr. WALLACK, *at the Royalty Theatre.*

Tune—*The Pyeman.*

OH! health and long life to you all,
My masters and mistresses too;
Once again, I am here at your call,
To say from my heart—How d'ye do?
'Tis holiday time, as you know,
And the coach pretty crowded I drive,
But the best fare of all—gee-ho!
Is to see my good friends all alive.
Ri-um-ti-idity-um, &c.

Oh! could you but see what odd folks,
I drive in my carriage and four;
Why, truly in spite of all jokes,
You'd laugh if you ne'er laugh'd before;
For here is a poor little taylor,
Squeaking out for more room, pretty oft,
And with his girl sits a sailor,
Who bundles poor Stitch up aloft.
Ri-um-ti-idity-um, &c.

Now here is old Shortweight the baker,
And there is a virgin from Wapping,
Next to her sits a prim-looking quaker,
With Bobby the beau, fam'd for hopping;
Then here is a city apprentice,
And there is a gentleman's lacquey;
With Pull-out, the great puffing dentist,
And the miliner's man, Master Jackey.
Ri-um-ti-idity-um, &c.

Then there is—Oh dear! how you squeeze!
With shambling Joey the sawyer—
Little Snob, rather lame in his knees,
With a half of the Devil, the lawyer;

But what are their callings to me?
Or how they are cramm'd, so I drive oh;
Yet I carry some queer ones, you see,
And in Holiday Time all alive, oh.
Rum-ti-ti-dity-tum, &c.

THE LOYAL IRISHMAN.

Sung by Mr. DYKE *at the Royalty Theatre, in Britain's Palladium.*

WRITTEN BY C. F. BARRETT.

Tune—*Murphy Delaney.*

TO fight for old England, says Teddy O'Casey,
And Ireland, renown'd for parata's so fine,
Since he knows 'tis the land— arrah, honey, be aisy,
Which we read of, that flows with milk, honey, and wine.
Och, bad luck to soup maigre and beef a-la-mode,
Roast beef is the thing, stuff'd with onions, my dear;
Contented with these, joy, there I'll fix my abode,
And fight in defence of our old English cheer.

Speaks.) Ay, and then by way of a dessert, after we have been drubbing our enemies; och, to be sure, and we won't have a little of your true whisky punch, just by way of enabling us to sing—

Whack fal lal, &c.

Then our ladies, dear craters, so pretty and charming,
Whose eyes shine, dear joy, like the sun in the night,
Like a gingerbread nut of a cold frosty morning;
Och, they warm our poor bosoms, and yield us delight.
Then talk not of Calais, of Dunkirk, or Dover,
Arrah, none of those outlandish places for me;
Tho' you walk, joy, on horseback, the universe over,
Old England's the place, my dear jewel, for me.

Speaks.) Och, and by St. Patrick's ownself, there is not an English Irishman in the three kingdoms, that wou'dn't in defence of these blessings turn out every mother's son of them, to give the enemies of old England a taste of our—

Whack fal lal, &c.

So there is my hand, to this cause ever steady,
In my country's defence, joy, I'll stand or else fall,
If a ball takes my head, there's an end of poor Teddy;
But that to a soldier is nothing at all.
When the battle is over, still funny and frisky,
Regardless of danger, I'll chearfully sing,
My favourite songs, whilst I tipple the whisky—
St. Patrick's morning, and God save the King.

Speaks.) Och, and bad luck to my ownself, honey, if I'll ever toss off a noggin of whisky, before I'll toast the whole Royal Family, aye, and our constitution too; for 'tis through them that we're enabled to sing—

Whack fal de ral, &c.

SONG.

Sung by Mrs. BLAND, *in Sighs of the Daughter.*

WRITTEN BY R. CUMBERLAND, ESQ.

'TWAS in the solemn midnight hour,
When all was dark around;
When planets strike, and spells have pow'r,
And mandrakes cleave the ground:
I heard a voice as from the tomb,
The bell then beating one;
Adieu, it cried, I meet my doom,
My life's last sand is run.

'Twas William's voice, 'twas William's form,
Wet from his wat'ry grave;
I sink, he cried, amid the storm,
I sleep beneath the wave;

Starting I rise, and snatch my gown,
And hasten to the shore;
I see the gallant ship go down,
But see my love no more.

ABRAHAM NEWLAND.

Sung by Mr. DAVIS, *at Sadler's Wells.*

THERE ne'er was a name so handed by fame,
Thro' air, thro' ocean, and thro' land,
As one that is wrote upon every bank note,
And you all must know Abraham Newland.
Oh, Abraham Newland!
Notified Abraham Newland!
I have heard people say, sham Abraham you may,
But you must not sham Abraham Newland.

For fashion or arts should you seek foreign parts,
It matters not wherever you land,
Jew, Christian, or Greek, the same language they speak,
That's the language of Abraham Newland.
Oh, Abraham Newland!
Wonderful Abraham Newland!
Tho' with compliments cramm'd, you may die and be d—d,
If you hav'n't an Abraham Newland.

The world is inclin'd to think justice is blind,
Lawyers know very well they can view land;
But, lord, what of that? she'll blink like a bat,
At the sight of an Abraham Newland.
Oh, Abraham Newland!
Magical Abraham Newland!
Tho' justice 'tis known can see through a mill-stone,
She can't see through Abraham Newland.

Your patriots who bawl for the good of us all,
Knaves all! here like mushrooms they strew land;
Tho' loud as a drum, each proves orator mum,
If attack'd by stout Abraham Newland.

Oh, Abraham Newland!
Invincible Abraham Newland!
No argument's found in the world half so sound
As the logic of Abraham Newland.

The French say they're coming, but sure they are humming
I know what they want if they do land;
We'll make their ears ring, in defence of our king,
Our country and Abraham Newland.
Oh, Abraham Nhwland!
Darling Abraham Newland!
No tri-colour'd elf, nor the devil himself,
Shall e'er rob us of Abraham Newland.

SONG.

Sung by Mr. JOHNSTONE, *in the Castle of Sorrento.*

ARRAH, what a big nose had the bold Captain Noraghon,
Pat Holloway he pull'd it—till he made him to roar again;
Whack fal de diddle—shoot him through the middle.
Whack fal de diddle—Well-a-day,
Whack fal de diddle—Captain thro' the middle.
Och, shoot Paddy Holloway.

Both they chose me their seconds, and I gave my word to both,
For second man to two men, is one man that's third to both.
Whack fal de diddle, &c.

We met by a duck pond—cries bold Captain Noraghon,
Pat Holloway I'll shoot you, you never shall snoar again.
Whack fal de diddle, &c.

The Captain miss'd Pat—for it was not a lucky shot,
Pat Holloway fired next, and a very fine duck he shot.
Whack fal de diddle, &c.

Then I stepp'd in between'm—'twas full time to take it up,
For a duel now is one shot a piece—and then make it up.
Whack fal de diddle—shoot him thro' the middle,
Whack fal de diddle—Well-a-day,
Whack fal de raddle—shake each other's daddle,
And fast friends they walk'd away.

KISS AND TI-TAL-LARY.

Sung by Mr. WALLACK, *and Mrs.* WELLDON, *at Astley's Amphitheatre.*

HE.

COME my charming dear,
'Tis a lover's ditty,
When we wed, my dear,
Shan't we then so pretty—
Ti-ti-ti-tol-lol, kiss and ti-tal-lary?

SHE.

But shou'd you prove false,
Aye, and leave me ever,
Then I fear, my love,
We shou'd, ah, no never
Ti-ti-ti-tol-lol, &c.

HE.

I prove false to you;
What, my dearee, harm her;
Blow me if I do—
But we will, my charmer,
Ti-ti-ti-tol-lol, &c.

SHE.

Now my heart's as light,
Aye, as any feather;

HE.

And by day and night,
We will both togeiher,
Ti-ti-ti-tol-lol, &c.

HE.

Come now, gie's a buss,
Sure, too long we've tarried;

SHE.

Aye, so much the worse—
Come, let us be married,
And ti-ti-ti-tol-lol, &c.

SONG.

Sung by Miss DECAMP, *in the Castle of Sorrento.*

FROM pity's power thou need'st not fly;
The tear she sheds adorns the eye:
And while it flows, beauty's cheek all flows,
More vivid glows the radiant crimson glows.

But there's a sigh, where there's a tear,
That bids youth's rose to perish;
Beware less thine then faithless prove,
Beware less pity turn to love.

That tear is love's, and love's that sigh!
They fade the cheek, they dim the eye.—
Ah! let not then thy artless bloom
In sighs and tears so dire consume—

Then—if thy heart tumultuous beat
Whene'er thine eyes yon captive's meet,
Away! nor more such danger prove,
For soon thy pity would be love.

WHEN FIRST FROM KILKENNY.

Sung by Mr. HOWELL, *at the Royalty Theatre.*

WRITTEN BY C. F. BARRETT.

Tune—*What can the matter be.*

WHEN first come from Kilkenny as fresh as a daisy,
The girls of our village all swore I was crazy;
Arran, maid, wife, or widow, could never be aisy,
If once, joy, I came in his way.
And, it's—Dear, dear, what can the matter be?
Oh, botheration, joy! what can the matter be?
Such a fellow as Casey, they swore, there could never be,
For at romps, fait, I spent the whole day.

But soon as Miss Jenny fell into my way, Sir,
As dull as a sparrow I rambled all day;
I strove to spake to her, but nothing could say, Sir,
But phililu, what is't I ail?
And—Dear, dear, what can the matter be?
Oh, dear, what can the matter be?
The neighbours all laughing, cried—What can the matter be?
Murphy O'Casey looks pale.

Our minds scarce made up, a rude press-gang assail'd me,
And tho' I tipp'd them leg bail, my jewel, soon nail'd me;
Jonteel by the collar, along the streets trail'd me,
And lodg'd me a top of a ship.
Speaks. Where they left me and half a dozen more, poked up in a hen-coop, all alone by myself, singing—,
Dear, dear, what can the matter be?
Oh, musha whack, honey, what can the matter be?
But what of all that, sure, I'm now safe return'd from sea;
Wa'n't it a delicate trip.

CHORUSSES.

INTRODUCED IN THE TRAGEDY OF PIZARRO, AT THE IMPERIAL THEATRE, VIENNA.

Chorus of Priests.

SOURCE of life! and fount of light!
God! before whose piercing eye,
Flaming in the orient sky,
Fly th' unhallow'd shades of night;
Propitious smile; incline a gracious ear;
With power protect, and with thy favour cheer!—

People.

Hear, well pleas'd, the infant tongue
In thy sacred rites engage;
Hear, well pleas'd, thy praises sung,
By the fault'ring voice of age.
See with rev'rence round thy shrine,
Children, parents, princes join:
Accept their vows, and firmly, ne'er to part,
Entwine the monarch's and the people's heart.

Chorus of Priests.

Your hearts, your knees, in pious homage bend.
And let your pray'rs and hymns to Heav'n's high throne ascend.

People (kneeling.)

Pure our souls, and free from guile,
We to thee an off'ring bring;
Deign, propitious pow'r to smile,
(*King*) Bless the people!—(*People*) Bless the king!
Our country save, bid war and bloodshed cease,
And grant us vict'ry, as the means of peace!

Chorus of Priests.

God of Peru! thy wonted favour show,
So shall our grateful songs thy praise proclaim;
Of vows accepted now the pledge bestow;
Send from on high the self-enkindled flame.
Display thy grace, thy mercy, and thy power,
And bid celestial fire our sacrifice devour.

General Chorus.

Now the song of triumph raise!
See the sacred altar blaze!
See the curling smoke arise,
Wafting odours to the skies!
The God of day accepts our vows,
And will his people's cause espouse.
Now victʼry summons to the field;
On high the Inca's banner rear;
His sword let evʼry warrior wield,
And point with certain fate the spear.
With battle axe the foe assail,
With maces break their coats of mails,
Deal death with vigʼrous arm around,
Till evʼry Spaniard bite the ground
Unerring be the arrow's flight;
Showʼr sure destruction from the sling:
And whilst we boldly rush to fight
And put our country's foes to rout,
Be this the universal shout:
"Our GOD, our COUNTRY, and our KING."

SONG.

Sung by Miss GRIFFITHS, *in the Castle of Sorrento.*

TOGETHER then we'd fondly stray,
O'er meadows green, thro' woodlands deep
Rejoicing view the lambkins play
And in the gurgling streamlet peep.

No cankering cares our sleep molest,
No frowning jailor part:
Above the world, supremely blest,
His throne Rosina's heart.

From haunts of surly man we'd fly,
My pris'ner safe I'd guard;
Secure from envy's prying eye,
And love our bright reward.
For him I'd cull Pomona's store,
Nor from his side depart,
Thus blest, could Blinval ask for more?
His throne, Rosina's heart.

THE HAPPY FARMER.

Sung by Mr. DENMAN, *at Vauxhall.*

WHEN the bonny grey morning just peeps thro' the skies,
The lark mounting, tunes his sweet lay;
With a mind uncncumber'd by care, I arise,
My spirits light, airy, and gay.
I take up my gun, honest Tray, my old friend,
Wags his tail, and jumps joyously round;
To the woods then together our footsteps we bend,
'Tis there health and pleasure are found.
I snuff the fresh air, bid defiance to care,
And happy as mortal can be;
From the toils of the great, from ambition and state,
'Tis my pride and my boast to be free.

At noon, I delighted range o'er the rich soil,
And labour's rough children regale;
With a cup of good home-brew'd I sweeten their toil,
And laugh at their joke or their tale;
And whether the ripe waving corn I behold,
Or the innocent flocks meet my sight,
Or the orchard, whose fruits are just turning to gold,
Still, still, health and pleasure unite.

I snuff the fresh air, bid defiance to care,
And happy as mortal can be;
From the toils of the great, from ambition and state,
'Tis my pride and my boast to be free.

At eve to my humble roof'd cot I return,
When, oh, what new sources of bliss!
My children rush out, while their little hearts burn,
Each striving to gain the first kiss.
My Dolly appears with a smile on her face,
Good-humour presides at our board;—
What more than health, plenty, good-humour, and peace
Can the wealth of the Indies afford?
I retire to rest, sweet content fills my breast,
As happy as mortal can be;
From the toils of the great, from ambition and state,
'Tis my pride and my boast to be free.

WHEN SANDY TOLD HIS TALE.

Sung by Miss HOWELLS, *at Vauxhall.*

WHEN Sandy told his tale of love,
I knew nae what to do;
For mither did nae him approve,
But I did much him loo'.
I told her, but it gi'e me pain,
I wou'd ha'e him or none,
And soon at kirk, across the plain,
The parson made us one.
Ever jocund a' the day,
Now a bonny, bonny bride sae gay;
Sandy pipes, I dance and sing,
While the merry, merry bells do ring.
Ting, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding.

My mither did wi' anger burn,
To hear that I wa' wed,
She vow'd, and did me from her spurn,
She ne'er would give me bread;

For much she doubted Sandy's truth,
But when his worth she knew;
She cried—I will embrace the youth,
For now I ken he's true.
Ever jocund, &c.

Wi' Sandy, in a pleasant cot,
Sae happy now I live,
I wou'd nae change my rura' spot,
For a' that man could give:
The empty show of pride and wealth,
We dinna' wish to have;
For we are blest with peace and health,
And nothing more we crave.
Ever jocund, &c.

SHEVA's ADVICE.

Sung by Mr. DYKE, *at the Royalty Theatre.*

WRITTEN BY C. F. BARRETT.

SURE I vas an Hebrew man,
And vel known in Tuke's Place,
Where, since honesty's my plan,
I can boldly shew my face;
Vat tho' monish I lends out,
'Tis but vat my neighbours do—
Den I never sheats the needy,
Upon my vord 'tis true;
No—I'm content with vat I get,
Sirs, in an honest way;
My debts I never once forget,
But cheerfully them pay;
And tho' the christians flout,
And call me heathen Jew,
Whilst I know I'm acting right,
Vhy, I mind not vat they do.

Speaks.) No, no, tho' I shay it myself, I have a heart so tremblingly alive to the misfortunes of my fellow-creatures, dat it ish only when I'm relieving their vants that I can sing—

Tol lol, &c.

If ven walking thro' the street,
Some poor creature meets my eye,
Who naked, cold, and hungry,
Implores my charity;
I never thinks to ask,
His religion or his name;
No—he's a brother, and in want,
Sure, that's sufficient claim
Upon my purse to help his need,
And save him from distress,
Whilst I do this I shall succeed,
And Providence me bless.
Den let let the vorld still flout,
And call me knave and Jew,
Whilst I know, &c.

Speaks.) No, no, for dis de vay of the vorld to make ill-natured remarks a top of those who do better den dem-selves, bnt vhilst I have a clear conscience their scorn vil not hinder me from singing—

Tol lol, &c.

Let misers hoard up money,
And hide it from the day;
Let parents stake their children's bliss,
That ne'er shall be my way.
I'm rich, 'tis true, but should my son
To wife, a beggar take,
Let virtue be her portion,
I ne'er will him forsake:
True love should ever join our hands,
And int'rest kick the beam;
For bliss dwells not where gold commands,
Tho' they may happy seem;

Wou'd men these maxims keep,
Whether Christian, Turk, or Jew,
Their conscience ne'er wou'd teaze them,
Upon my vord 'tis true.

Speaks.) Aye, aye, when a man can clap his hand a top of his heart, and shay he has done no one an injury, he need not be afraid to sing with me——

Tol lol, &c.

MY MOTHER GOT MARRIED.

Snng by Mr. TOWNSEND, *in the Magic Oak.*

MY mother got married, my father got me,
I grew up, and got loving of Moggy,
My daddy got angry and sent me to sea,
And poor I for vexation got groggy.
The voyage got finish'd, and I like a flat,
All the money I got daily carried
To Moggy, what then? I got nothing by that,
For she like a slut had got married.

I had once got her promise to wed, so the law
For my money soon got an employer,
I got plenty of promises, Latin and jaw,
And whoever got more from a lawyer?
Of the sport I got sick, and soon threw up the game,
For my cash by the sharks had got eaten,
Got into the Nile, and with Nelson got fame,
While the French got most damnably beaten.

So now I've got honour, and glory, and gold,
To some true-hearted girl I'll be steering,
I've got one in my eye, and you needn't be told
This here stuff (*shews a purse*) will soon get me a hearing.

Then with shot in my locker, a wife and a cot,
Tobacco, grog, flip, and no purser,
I'll sit down contented with what I have got,
And may each honest tar do no worser.

LOVER's VOWS.

Sung by Mr. DIGNUM, *at Vauxhall.*

YOU ask me, sweet maid, if my vows are sincere,
And call for some proof of my love,
Still doubting my passion, I see but too clear;
But, prithee, such fancies remove;
Or, if as you say, lover's vows are but breath,
O, set me some task to perform,
And I'll brave it, tho' circled by peril or death,
And smile as I buffet the storm;
But this, this, believe me, can poorly express,
How truely, how dearly I love thee.

Nay, bid me some action or enterprize dare,
That men, tho' the boldest, would shun,
And whether by water, earth, fire or air,
I'll do it, if 'tis to be done;
And if still a doubt in thy fancy remains,
Injurious to love and to me,
O, fetter me more, if you can, with your chains,
Nor ever, oh, no! set me free.
But this, this, believe me, can poorly express,
How truely, how dearly I love thee.

O, let my fond vows some favour obtain,
And pleasure succeed to my toil,
Accept them, dear girl, and to banish my pain,
O, crown the kind words with a smile.

Ah, yes! for there's surely a pleasure divine,
In the smile of the girl we adore,
A promise so soft that no words can define,
It says—That your doubts are no more.
That now you believe what no words can express,
How truely, how dearly I love thee.

CRAZY JANE.

WRITTEN BY M. G. LEWIS, ESQ.

WHY, fair maid, in ev'ry feature,
Are such signs of fear express'd?
Can a wand'ring, wretched creature,
With such terror fill thy breast?
Do my frenzied looks alarm thee?
Trust me, sweet, thy fears are vain,
Not for kingdoms would I harm thee;
Shun not then poor Crazy Jane.

Dost thou weep to see my anguish?
Mark me, and avoid my woe,
When men flatter, sigh, and languish,
Think them false—I found them so;
For I lov'd, oh! so sincerely
None could ever love again;
But the youth I lov'd so dearly,
Stole the wits of Crazy Jane.

Fondly my young heart receiv'd him,
Which was doom'd to love but one;
He sigh'd, he vow'd, and I believ'd him,
He was false, and I undone.
From that hour has reason never
Held her empire o'er my brain,
Henry fled—with him for ever,
Fled the wits of Crazy Jane.

Now forlorn and broken-hearted,
And with frenzied thoughts beset,
On that spot where last we parted—
On that spot where first we met,
Still I sing my love-lorn ditty—
Still I slowly pace the plain,
Whilst each pass r-by, in pity
Cries—God help thee, Crazy Jane.

THE GRAND EXPEDITION.

Sung by Mrs. MOUNTAIN, *at Vauxhall.*

WRITTEN BY DR. HOULTON.

TO the gallant arm'd train,
Who are crossing the main,
In defence of their country and king;
To the chief in command,
Of the all-glorious band,
The warmest of wishes we sing.
Ev'ry Briton will join hand and heart in the strain,
Ev'ry voice will support the petition;
That Heaven may bless with brilliant success,
Brave York, and the Grand Expedition.

Neighbour France, you oft swore,
When you threaten'd our shore,
What mighty great feats you would do;
But so long you delay
The kind visit to pay,
We've resolved to wait upon you.
Ev'ry Briton, &c.

Gaul's fraternal embrace,
Though it fail'd to take place,
So highly we prize as her suit—
That we send to her coast,
A fine gallant host,
To give her—a British Salute.
Ev'ry Briton, &c.

When arriv'd on the shore,
Let her welcome us o'er,
With *Caira* on fife, and with drum;
In return for her song,
We will teach her, ere long
The chorus of—Britons strike home.
Ev'ry Briton, &c.

Since an army, France nam'd,
Of England, so fam'd,
'Tis pity that she should not have one,
So for that compliment,
We this army have sent,
Convinc'd she will find it a brave one.
Ev'ry Briton, &c.

Old England, whose trade
Is not gasconade,
No buckram-suit army announces;
But soldiers in shoes,
Will pay France all dues;
So, Monsieurs, take care of your sconces.
Ev'ry Briton, &c.

GAFFER GRAY.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

OH! why does thou shiver and shake, Gaffer Gray,
And why doth thy nose look so blue?
'Tis the weather that's cold, and I'm grown very old,
And my doublet is not very new.
Well-a-day! well-a-day!

Then line thy worn doublet with ale, Gaffer Gray,
And warm thy old heart with a glass:
Nay, but credit I've none, and my money's all gone,
Then say, how may that come to pass.
Well-a-day! well-a-day!

My keg is but low, I confess, Gaffer Gray,
What then? while it lasts, man, we'll live;
The poor man, I own, when he hears the poor moan,
Of his morsel a morsel will give.
Well-a-day! well-a-day!

THE HAPPY WATERMAN.

Sung by Mr. DENMAN, *at Vauxhall.*

IF the man but goes right who follows his nose,
The waterman always goes wrong;
For one way he looks, while another he rows,
And yet he keeps stroke with a song:
He gives you a joke,
At every stroke,
While his wherry glides smoothly along.

How happy a soul might a waterman be,
Were his cares to his boat but confin'd;
He never would launch on a troublesome sea,
To disturb the content of his mind;
But when with his bride,
Each strokes against tide,
'Tis tugging 'gainst water and wind.

But why shou'd I grieve, when I look at my badge?
When I won it, then Dick, who so merry?
How it drew the black peepers of fair Wandsworth Madge,
When I stepp'd from my boat at the Ferry;
Ah, bless her black eyes!
That stroke won the prize.
She was the first fair in my wherry.

THE HONEST SAILOR.

Written and sung by Mr. BARRETT, *at the Royalty Theatre, in the Death of Pizarro.*

INDEED, I must own, they are Christians by name,
And something too of my complexion;
But do not for this, love, my countrymen blame,
For with them we have no connexion;
For cruel their nature, their actions too mean,
The helpless to rob is too shocking:
Now in England there's scarcely such things ever seen,
Pull away, pull away, pull away, pull, I say,
We scorn such base actions in Wapping.

So cheer up my girl, I'll protect you from harm,
Let content be no longer a stranger;
No Spanish galleon need my charmer alarm,
For a Briton defies ev'ry danger.
Then should fate ever throw us in way of a ship;
Why, to England we'll instant be hopping,
Where we'll open a house, aye, and serve out the sl'p,
Pull away. pull away, pull away, pull, I say,
Among my brave messmates at Wapping.

SONG.

Sung by Mrs. BLAND, *in the Red-Cross Knights.*

THO' foster'd in the humble cot,
My friends of low degree;
A higher state I envied not,
While blest with liberty.

Then sweetly danc'd the hours away,
What sorrow could I prove?
With all to make the bosom gay,
Sweet liberty and love.

But now my heart is full of woe:
Ah, well-a-day, poor me!
The worst of misery to know,—
The loss of liberty!

Yet still be calm, my anxious breast,
Hope comfort from above;
Kind Heav'n again can make me blest
With liberty and love.

TWO STRINGS TO YOUR BOW.

Sung by Mrs. FRANKLIN, *at Vauxhall.*

ERE I had compleated my seventeeth year,
I for beauty was fam'd and courted by two,
They were both handsome youths, smart, tall, debonair,
And vow'd they'd to me for ever be true:
Approving of both, I their truth wish'd to try,
And which lov'd me best I was anxious to know,
So I was determin'd to act rather sly,
And like many more, have Two Strings to my Bow.

Now having three years been amus'd by my beaux,
'Twas high time, I thought, their affection to prove;
So in private to each one I did this disclose,
That whoever had me, must marry for love:
For tho' I'd a fortune, I neither would tell,
Which on him who prov'd true, I meant to bestow;
But till ev'ry doubt in my breast did dispel,
I continued to have Two Strings to my Bow.

As William suppos'd what I told him was true,
(For that was the name of the artful young man,)
He soon ceas'd to court me, as gain was his view,
Which plainly evinc'd the success of my plan.
Thus convinc'd it was Henry who lov'd me sincere,
Soon with him to church I consented to go;
Then manage like me, gentle maidens, with care,
And always make sure of Two Strings to your Bow.

OPEN THE DOOR THOU DEAR UNKIND.

WRITTEN BY J. RANNIE.

OH, open the door thou dear unkind!
Ere night's deep shadows lower,
For cold and sullen blows the wind,
And heavy beats the shower;
Let me thy love and pity move,
For, ah! my tender form,
With sorrow burden'd, and with love,
Can ill endure the storm.

Beneath thy shades, love-lorn and lost,
I tremble at the gloom;
While fleeting near, the restless ghost,
Forsakes the op'ning tomb,
Some perjur'd lover to upbraid,
To all his vows untrue;—
Here, Gregory, ev'ry leafy shade,
Upbraids thy falsehood too.

Estrang'd from joy and kindred love,
An exile from my home,
Thy proffer'd friendship now to prove
Toward thy towers I come;
But thee I seek in vain to find,
My tender griefs to share,
The deep voice of the mourtful wind,
Sounds only back—Despair.

Yet perjur'd, add not to the smart,
Thy former falsehood gave;
Nor rend with cruelty the heart,
Which pity still might save.
Oh, shun me not, for pity's sake!
My hopes may fruitless be;
Yet, Gregory, if my heart should break,
I'll ne'er complain of thee.

SONG.

Sung by Mr. JOHNSTONE, *in the Horse and Widow.*

ARRAH, fait, but the poet's a fool here,
He's been making a comical bull here;
The widow's a wife,
The dead's come to life,
And the horse turns out only a mule here.

For the lady, how marriage has cross'd her,
One found her where t'other man lost her;
The lawyer would sell
To each husband a shell,
While slily he swallows the oyster.

For me, I've made many a blunder,
But that you won't think any wonder,
If Irish mistakes
John Bull kindly takes,
Not the whole earth can make us knock under.

If the critics should frown, and look gruff, Sirs,
And say that my ditty's all stuff, Sirs:
If they kick up a rout,
And ask what it's about,
Why, I think it's about long enough, Sirs.

THE OPTICIAN.

Sung by Mr. EMERY, *in the Magic Oak.*

OME, ladies and gentlemen, open your optics,
Tho' dowdy as dumplings, or gawky as mopsticks,
r sight I'll assist with my glasses, pray view them,
whatever my plans, all the people see thro' 'em,
And sing tol diddle, &c.

microscopes, telescopes, claim your protections,
ve like a wise man, by making reflections;
glasses are sorted with caution and trouble,
one glass too much makes a body see double.
Sing tol diddle, &c.

r want of a glass, see that old beau short-sighted,
Vith the charms of a damsel of ninety delighted;
Vhile his fancy, her shape, and her air, and her neck
tickles,
nd! if they should wed, what a fine pair of spectacles.
Tol diddle, &c.

I'LL DO SO NO MORE.

Sung by Mrs. MOUNTAIN, *at Vauxhall.*

THE moon with silver beam just darted o'er the plain,
When by yon murm'ring stream, I met my fav'rite swain,
He rudely snatch'd a kiss, and when, dear maid, he cry'd
Shall Strephon have the bliss, to call Annette his bride.
Said I, with an air, such nonsense forbear,
Do, prithee, this teazing give o'er:
He made a slight bow, crying—P[illegible] don me now
And trust me, I'll do so no more.

Just at that moment, Sue tripp'd by with winning grace,
When to the girl he flew, and kiss'd her 'fore my face;
Let's leave you forward elf, my gentle Sue, he cry'd,
I could have hung myself, I thought I should have died.
Prest by my fears, I burst into tears,
And thus I my follies deplore,
I've offended my swain, would he come back again,
Indeed, I would do so no more.

My accents caught his ear, and rival'd Susan's charms,
Cried he—Suppress thy tears, then caught me in his arms
Say, shall the rising day behold Annette my wife;
Oh! could I say him—No? not I, upon my life.
My mother cried—Fie! Dear mother! said I,
'Tis only what you've done before;
And since 'tis no crime, forgive me this time,
And trust me, I'll do so no more.

SONG.

Sung by Mrs. HERBERT, *at the Royal Circus, in Cor*

THE dangers of a raging fight,
Undaunted Rolla dar'd to prove,
His deeds attain'd fame's topmost height;
But glory's sun now sinks in night,
He yields, alas! to hopeless love.

From time no ray of hope appears,
The gods his fatal wish reprove,
The idol of his soul is theirs,
Religion claims his vows, her tears,
And Rolla yields to hopeless love.

E'en now the solemn signal's given,
The virgins t'ward the temple move;
Depriv'd thus of his earthly Heaven,
To wild despair sad Rolla driven,
A victim yields to hopeless love.

To London town I'll haste away,
Where every thing is new—
Fly to the opera, park, and play,
And do as London lasses do.
Sing, trol lol lolly lolly lol lol lol, &c.

I scorn the shepherd's pipe,
The rustic dance despise,
Dull praise from clownish lip,
Nor rural song I prize.
To London then, &c.

In town all joys combine,
All dress, all noise, and show,
Each maid's a lady fine,
And ev'ry swain's a beau.
To London then, &c.

TO-MORROW's A CHEAT.

Sung by Mr. DIGNUM, *at Vauxhall.*

TO-morrow's a cheat, let's be merry to-day,
And to Time fill a goblet, 'twill force him to stay.
Who but cowards wou'd e'er at his summons repine?
Who but cowards wou'd steal from a liquor divine?
For 'tis wine that can blunt the keen thorn of pale sorrow,
As it moistens the flow'r that may fade ere to-morrow.

Since rosy contentment dwells not with the great,
Leave wealth and dull thinking to slaves of the state;
But let mirth and good-humour our banquet still share,
And wine be our armour against sullen care;
For 'tis wine, gen'rous wine, blunts the thorn of pale sorrow,
As it moistens the flow'r that may fade ere to-morrow.

To-morrow's a cheat, the blest moment let's prize,
The sting of reflection age bids us despise;
Come, Friendship, then sweeten the care drowning bowl,
That's sacred to love, the delight of the soul;

For 'tis wine that can blunt the keen thorn of pale sorrow,
As it moistens the flow'r that may fade ere to-morrow.

PROLOGUE SONG.

Sung by Mr. MUNDEN, *in Five Thousand a Year.*

THE times are gone by,
When on floors next the sky,
Cut off from roast beef, port, or claret,
Poor poets would pine,
And invoke all the Nine,
To inspire attic wit in a garret.

Our author declares
That a two pair of stairs,
Was the height of his soaring ambition,
'Till the Doctor and Jew,
Contriv'd 'twixt the two,
To lower in life his condition.

Now snug in first floor,
He desires no more,
Than to keep with decorum his station,
And Five Thousand a Year,
He offers you here,
For the favour of your approbation.

And by what I can find,
He has made up his mind,
To wait with due patience his meed;
He'll swallow the pill,
For he says, come what will,
He'll be damn'd if de does not succeed.

TING-A-TING.

Sung by Mr. COSGROVE, *at Astley's Amphitheatre, in the Black Castle.*

MY massa be lor of de black castle here,
Ting a ting, ting a ting, ting,
And he play full often a very black part,
Ting a ting, &c.
He keepa fine ladv, he love, and he sneer,
Ting a ting, &c.
And tho' black be his face, he's a much blacker heart,
Ting a ting, &c.
Ah, poor lady, poor lady, take care!
Ah, poor lady, &c.
For massa be wicky, damn'd wicky, I swear.

My massa he keepa de key of de door,
Ting a ting, &c.
He letta go in, and he letta go out,
Ting a ting, &c.
One lady go in, oh, she come out no more!
Ting a ting, &c.
For master first ravish, den kill her, no doubt,
Ting a ting, &c.

My massa he dreada to hear de great bell,
Ting a ting, &c.
And well, Sir, he may, for de bad tings he done;
Ting a ting, &c.
For if dere be a place, down below, cally Hell,
Ting a ting, &c.
Why de devil will have him as sure as a gun.
Ting a ting, &c.

I MUST TRY ANOTHER.

Sung by Mr. DIGNUM, *at Vauxhall.*

PRITHEE, Sally, speak thy mind,
Am I the man, or no?
If I am not, be so kind
To tell me plainly so;
If my passion you approve,
I'm your faithful lover—
If you can't return my love,
I must try another.

Pray consider, that our prime,
Does very soon decay;
Think how great would be the crime,
To let it slip away.
If my passion, &c.

Tho' my heart prefers your charms,
I love to laugh, not cry:
Tho' it beats with soft alarms,
For no woman will I die.
If my passion, &c.

THE BEAUX OF NINETY-NINE.

Sung by Mrs. MOUNTAIN, *at Vauxhall.*

MY mother oft talk'd of the beaux of the town,
Who by sword-knot, or bag, had gain'd great renown,
With powder, pomatum, and different perfumes,
You might smell out a beau, tho' in different rooms;
Well, to London I'm come, to see these fine elves,
But I find them so alter'd they don't know themselves;
Our beaux, for I find they return still the same,
Take a different road to the Temple of Fame.

Pantaloons, short sticks, half boots, and half coat,
A neat colour'd handkerchief tied round the throat,
A scrubbing-brush head, with check collar so fine,
Mark the beaux and the smarts of the year ninety-nine.

In the days when my mother was airy and young,
Smart fellows, she says, danc'd, ogled, and sung,
They dress'd too with care, our hearts to trepan,
Were on tiptoe to please, aye, all to a man;
Now lounging and careless, it plainly appears,
That the fashion's much alter'd within a few years.
The fashion of wishing to please is gone by.
Not to please is the plan they successively try.
Pantaloons, short sticks, &c.

Now fashions with no bright allurements betray,
Our belles quite disgusted, her vot'ries survey,
When the bosom of beauty owns love's pleasing pain,
'Tis for one of those men who such fashions disdain;
Take the hint, O, ye men! to find grace in those eyes,
Throw off this disgraceful postillion disguise;
Appear like your fathers, like gentlemen move,
And like them be rewarded with beauty and love.
Pantaloons, short sticks, &c.

A BUNDLE OF PROVERBS.

Sung by Mr. MUNDEN, *at Covent-Garden Theatre.*

MY name's Obadiah, a Quaker I am—(hum)
In spirit a lion, in figure a lamb;
'Tis true, I can't sing like the smarts of the town— hum!)
But I now and then chaunt out a stave of my own;
In Britain's praise,
My voice I'll raise—
May no foreign follies her sons bewitch!—(hum!)
If the blind lead the blind both will fall in the ditch—(hum!)

The French in their pride talk of conquering, true—
But 'tis one thing to say, and another to do ;
Let them meet our brave tars, and they quickly retire,
For I've heard that burnt children dread sorely the fire.
They vaunting, roar
They'll soon come o'er,
And get us all under their claws in a trice ;
But you know noisy cats very seldom catch mice.

I own they've done much by their fighting and burning,
But 'tis a long lane that has never a turning !
They rail at our laws, and religion, alas !
Those should never throw stones who have windows of glass.
They proudly boast
Their conquering host,
To humble old England shall soon be dispatch'd ;
But some reckon their chickens before they are hatch'd.

In numbers they greatly exceed us, 'tis clear,
But two prest men's not equal to one volunteer ;
In vain they are striving—mind not their alarms,
Sure they'll not find us babes, tho' we'll all be in arms.
Yea, faith and troth,
I'm mov'd to wrath,
Friend, lend me thy weapon—and I for one,
Will prove the old proverb as sure as a gun.

Now, tho' I'm a Quaker, I don't quake for fear,
For a thousand hot words will not sour good beer ;
If we firmly unite, we may laugh at their tricks,
Let us mind the old tale of the bundle of sticks.
In friendship's bands,
Join heart in hands,
Let the spirits of Englishmen move us all !
While the props are firm the old house cannot fall.

SONG.

Sung by Mr. BANNISTER, jun. *in Feudal Times.*

NEAR these rugged towers,
Where the tempest lowers,
Sixteen years in sorrow, I wander'd wild.
Parents had left me;
Death, soon of them bereft me;—
Woe's me! I wail'd them, an orphan child.
Bless our noble master,
Keep him from disaster!
Twang dillo dang—Twango dillo dee.

Lucky was that chasing,
When the wild-boar facing,
Our bold baron's life was saved by me.
With gifts he grac'd me,
Near to his person plac'd me;
Me, a poor peasant, of low degree.
Bless our noble master, &c.

All my sorrows over,
Here I live in clover;
Nothing here can hurt, no foe assail.
This roof to enter,
No enemy can venture,
No rash intruder these walls can scale.
Bless our noble master, &c.

But beware to wander,
O'er the mountain yonder;
Death is round the lake whence this morn I came
One there did snatch me,
From fiends who would dispach me:
Edmund Fitzallan is his name.
Bless our noble master, &c.

NOT TO THINK OF A MAN.

Sung by Mrs. WELLDON, *at Astley's Amphitheatre.*

FROM my old maiden aunty this lesson I got,
'Bout some things I should do, and some I should not,
And that I should make it my favourite plan,
Not to speak to, nor look at, nor think of a man.

My aunty I lov'd, so I gave her her way,
But time soon convinc'd me, I ne'er could obey,
For the more I attempted to humour her plan,
It still made me think that I thought of a man.

POLLY PARKER.

Sung by Mr. WALLACK, *at the Royalty Theatre.*

THERE was a little girl,
All others did excel,
Whose beauty was so great, only mark her, oh;
Then so chaste she did appear,
She was courted far and near,
And her name, sir, is pretty Polly Parker, oh.

This maiden, d'ye see—
Lord! she cast an eye on me,
The cunning little devil, only mark her, oh!
She said, a maid like her,
Cou'd only me prefer.
And that I should wed with pretty Polly Parker, oh.

Then married soon we were,
But how shall I declare?
The cunning little devil, only mark her, oh!
E'er three weeks past, oh, la!
This maid was in the straw,
What d'ye think of my pretty Polly Parker, oh?

Now seeing what was what,
And a bargain I had got,
I thought it only right that I should mark her, oh,
So to wipe away old scores,
I kick'd her out of doors,
And the devil take my pretty Polly Parker, oh.

SHE LIVES IN THE VALLEY.

Sung by Master GRAY, *at Vauxhall.*

THE broom bloom'd so fresh and so fair,
The lambkins were sporting around,
When I wander'd to breathe the fresh air,
And by chance, a rich treasure I found;
A lass sat beneath a green shade,
For whose smiles the whole world I'd forego—
As blooming as May, was the maid,
And she lives in the valley below.

Her song struck my ear with surprise,
Her voice like the nightingale sweet;
But love took his seat in her eyes,
Where beauty and innocence meet;
From that moment her heart was my own,
For her ev'ry wish I forego;
She's beauteous as roses just blown,
And she lives in the valley below.

My cottage with woodbine o'ergrown,
The sweet turtle doves cooing round,
My flocks and my herds are my own,
My pastures with hawthorn are bound;
All my riches I'll lay at her feet,
If her heart in return she'll bestow,
For no pastime can cheer my retreat,
While she lives in the valley below.

THE VOLUNTEER.

Sung by Mr. HILL, *in the Magic Oak.*

IN defence of the blessings true freedom bestows,
See the sons of Britannia advance!
With genuine ardour each volunteer glows,
To repel the marauders of France;
And may he, who has courage for this to contend,
Ne'er be robb'd of the rights he has zeal to defend.

In the close band of union we join to a man,
For our fair ones, our children, and wives,
And the laws fram'd by wisdom, on liberty's plan,
We swear to defend with our lives.
And may he, &c.

For our name on the seas so victoriously gain'd,
For the wealth which those victories bring,
For the old Constitution so nobly maintain'd
By our chieftain and father, the king;
And may he, &c.

THE SECRET EXPEDITION.

Sung by Mr. GIRTON, *at Astley's Amphitheatre.*

YOU may talk of your wonders by land, or by sea,
And send up to Jove a petition,
But query, my hearts;—Could the god, even me,
Do more than our late expedition?
That the Dutch in the Texel, lay snug, there's no doubt,
Nay, that we may say without sin;
But then as they chose not, d'ye mind, to come out,
Why, we thought it but right to go in:
Then push round the flip, boys, and this our toast be—
Here's Duncan and Mitchell, with Abercrombie.

Some thought their alliance with France was secure,
Why, I think there's no cause to explain;
But then they forget our Duncan, be sure,
And Britons the lords of the main!
For this, be assur'd, where our bulwarks appear,
The foes of this land must retreat;
And this is a truth, I may say, pretty clear,
We have got both the Texel and fleet.
Then push round, &c.

Now give me a toast, though I cannot say why,
I'll give you a word from myself;
Here's our brave wooden walls, which I'll give 'till I die
And ne'er may they lay on the shelf;
Nay, more, let me make an amendment to this—
Here's our navy and army, right plain;
And I'll hazard my life, they will ne'er do amiss,
But humble both France and proud Spain.
Then push ronnd, &c.

LOVE's VOLUNTEER.

Sung by Mrs. MOUNTAIN, *at Vauxhall.*

THE nations so wedded to arms, fame, and glory,
Let me place, soldiers all, the dangers before ye;
From Cupid's bright banner the men will desert,
If longer our power we delay to exert.
To call out each grace
Of person and face,
And use all our arts,
To bring back their hearts;
Convinc'd of this truth, soldier like will I sally,
And thus issue forth the men all to rally.
Female serjeant here I come,
With a rub-a-dub upon my drum,
To raise recruits in beauty's cause,
And train them up in marriage laws,
Quick to my standard lads repair,
And each becomes Love's Volunteer.

Lords, knights, 'squires, gents, merchants, cits, and each farmer,
All, all, are array'd in brave Mars' armour,
With zeal and with might, at the risk of their lives,
No doubt they'll defend us, maids, widows, and wives.
Yet to think but of arms,
What a slight of our charms,
No such rival shall share,
Men's hearts with the fair.
Convinc'd of this truth, &c.

The whole tribe of physic prescribes now a drilling,
Tho' already skill'd in the science of killing;
And thousands of lawyers their spirits display,
Nay, parsons too join in the martial array.
Yet while arms engross
Their hearts, to our loss,
Devotion to beauty,
They know is their duty.
Convinc'd of this truth, &c.

THE FAITHFUL CAMP BUTCHER.

Sung by Mr. COSGROVE, *at Astley's Amphitheatre, in the Grand Spectacle of the British Army in Holland.*

SAM Steel is my name, and a man of some fame,
For where the boys march, there am I;
Yet pray take me right, I mean not to fight,
No—mine is their wants to supply:
For go where I will, I knock down and kill,
And prove, if you'll give me belief,
By night and by day, a friend as you'll say,
And find them old English roast-beef.
Brave boys!
And find them old English roast-beef.

Like Britons they beat, and like Britons they eat,
And while I can handle a knife,
I'll cut up and carve, a soldier to serve,
E'en though at the risk of my life.
And since in the battle, though cannons may rattle,
A soldier's a stranger to grief,
I'll prove very clear, to my heart they are dear,
And find them old English roast-beef.

Then, this too I'll boast, old England's my toast,
And her champions for ever, say I;
May they fight in her cause, nor e'er make a pause,
Till they see all her enemies die.
And if I turn tail in my duty, or fail,
Why, may I be hang'd like a thief:
No, no, while I live, my assistance I'll give,
And find them old English roast-beef, &c.

THE PILGRIM.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

IN penance for past folly,
A pilgrim blithe and jolly,
Sworn foe to melancholy,
Set out strange lands to see;
With cockle-shells on hat-brim,
Staff, beads, and scrip, in that trim,
Befitting of a pilgrim,
Begging for charity.

With unshod feet he traces
His way thro' wilds and chases,
And sundry dismal places,
In hopes some roof to see;
But when that he could find no
House nor hut to go to,
Was ever pilgrim put so
To it for charity?

But now, when most dejected,
Kind Heaven, when least expected,
A maiden's steps directed:
  Whence come you, sir? says she.
Full many a weary step, sweet,
And all with these poor bare feet,
O could I, by your help, meet
  Lodging for charity.

With courteous voice and accent,
Says she, I see you're quite spent,
Yet what I say is well meant,
  Pray lodge to-night with me.
This favour is excessive:
No speeches, sir: while I live,
If I have aught I can give,
  'Tis given in charity.

He ey'd her charms whilst eating,
And call'd her love and sweeting,
And many a tender greeting,
  So kind a heart had he.
Kind sir, says she, you're tired,
'Tis time you were retired,
Nor beds nor rooms are hired,
  But lent in charity.

My tenement is brittle,
And is, I fear, too little.
It fits me to a tittle,
  So in at once went he.
Through many a town and city,
I've been, and O! the pity,
Ne'er met a room so pretty,
  Nor so much charity.

Nine days he past in clover,
So well he play'd the lover:
She thought it too soon over,
  And will you go? said she.

But, gentle pilgrim, should you
Return, you know I would do
As much as woman could do,
To shew my charity.

DIFFERENT OPINIONS.

Sung by Messrs. FOX *and* DECASTRO, *at Astley's Amphitheatre.*

Tune—*Dutch Fisherman.*

Frenchman.

NOW, Mynheer Van Hoot, sare, you standa by me,
And me keep you safe from all narm, sir;
You ne'er mind dat fellow, Jean Bull, dy'e see,
Ha, no! but e'er laugh at alarm, sir.
Though he tell you dis, and ne tell you dat,
Why, you know very well what he wou'd be at,
With his Ic ben, &c.

Dutchman.

Yaw, me know, Monsieur, what that John Bull do,
And I'll tell you what he's about, sir;
Why, he first come in here, then he turn out you,
And put all the French to the rout, sir;
And this let me say, tho' you promis'd as much,
Why, it tends but to prove you would starve out the Dutch.
With your Ic ben, &c.

Frenchman.

Vat you mean, Mynheer, we vill make you all free,
And fill your broad pocket beside, sir;
Ve vill make you respected by land and by sea,
And spread your big fame far and wide, sir;
And den, sare, you join with my great nation,
And rise, or fall, which you know is all one.
With your Ic ben, &c.

Dutchman.

Yaw, yaw, that may be, we may sure enough fall,
For since you have been on our land, sir;
Why, you grapple our guelders, our trade, our and all,
And leave us scarce one leg to stand, sir;
Then the millions of ducats you force us to pay,
Make the Dutchman to wish you would all march away.
With your Ic ben, &c.

Frenchman.

Now me be, begar, sare, your very good friend,
While Jean Bull he play de humbug, sir:
Den de Frenchman so fight, you have nothing to fear,
So me give you the fraternal hug, sir.
Vat, you turn, sare, away; well, begar, you be wrong,
When me learn, sare, your dance, and me sing, sare, your song.
With a Ic ben, &c.

Dutchman.

Yaw, you join in our song, and you move in our dance,
While you sing, Monsieur, like a viper;
For you bring us your music to please us, from France,
But you make us pay the piper.
But your friendship now, makes a Dutchman shy,
So he bids your damn'd Carmagnol good by.
With a Ic ben, &c.

HEIGHO! NONINO!

Sung by Mrs. BLAND, *in Feudal Times.*

FIRST beneath a willow's shade,
Heigho! nonino!
Martin his addresses paid.
Heigho! nonino!
When he whisper'd, say, sincerely,
If you e'er could love me dearly?
All the answer that I made
Was—Heigho! nonino!

Sweet, said he, were Martin dead,
Heigho! nonino!
One sad tear would Rachael shed?
Heigho! nonino!
When my Martin talk'd of dying,
How could I refrain from sighing?
From my heart a murmur fled,
Of—Heigho! nonino!

Martin told me when I sigh'd,
Heigho! nonino!
Yes must always be implied,
By—Heigho! nonino.
Then, says he, your thoughts discover,
Will you take me for your lover?
Looking down, I blush'd, and cried—
Heigho! nonino!

THE RICHMOND PRIMROSE GIRL.

Sung by Mr. INCLEDON, *at Freemasons Hall.*

NEAR bowery Richmond, Thames's pride,
Dwelt Ellen, when her father died:
One snowy night he lost his way,
And never more beheld the day;
Two infant boys around her mother clung,
And kindred grief the heart of Ellen wrung.

Upon the earth her eyes she threw,
The flow'rets wild before her grew:
Those gifts, by bounteous nature spread,
She gather'd, to procure them bread,
And thro' the hollow sounding streets,
By few relev'd, but jeer'd by many,
Her cry each morning she repeats.
Primroses primroses, primroses, two bunches a-penny,
Primroses, two bunches a-penny.

Her pensive way I've seen her keep,
With anxious step from door to door,
And oft I've turn'd aside to weep,
And mourn'd that fortune made me poor;
Ere early light adorns the sky,
She roves the heath and valley fenny,
And towards proud London hastes to cry—
Primroses, primroses, primroses, two bunches a-penny,
Primroses, two bunches a penny.

I'LL BE TRUE TO THEE.

Sung by Mrs. FRANKLIN, *at Vauxhall.*

EXCHANGING vows of mutual love,
Beside a purling stream,
Sat Joe and Jane, in prime of youth,
And love was all their theme:
Gin ye can loo me, lass, he cry'd,
And loo but only me,
Ye soon shall be a bonny bride,
And I'll be true to thee, lassie.

A wee house o'er the burn ye see,
Wi' thatch well cover'd o'er,
'Twill shelter give to thee and me,
And what should we want more?
Gin ye can loo me, &c.

Let others follow fame and wealth,
For greater joys I sigh,
I ask of heaven sweet ease and health,
With thee to live and die.
Gin ye can loo me, &c.

THE CAMP LAUNDRESS.

Sung by Mrs. WALLACK, *at Astley's Amphitheatre.*

THAT a camp is my glory and boast,
Believe me, I'm proud to allow;
And a soldier shall e'er be my toast,
A soldier, a soldier, I vow!
For them, and them only, I drudge,
Wash, iron, and work the day long;
From place to place chearfully trudge,
And make the brave fellows my song.

Speaks.) Yes, and while able to stand at the wash-tub, or hold an iron in my hand, my darling strain shall be
Oh, a soldier, a soldier for me!

Let ladies of rank and degree,
To ease and soft indolence yield;
How pleasing, more pleasing to me,
'Tis, to follow the lads to the field.
To guard British beauty at home,
A soldier enlists in the war;
Right fearless and willing to roam,
And proud to contend for the scar.

Speaks.) And won't I rub and scrub, wash and dry, wring, starch, iron, and do any thing for the defenders of their country? Yes, and my song prove at all times,
Oh, a soldier, a soldier for me!

Let others soft ditties repeat,
And tremble with womanish fear;
To me, oh, how welcome and sweet,
The morning tattoo in my ear!
A camp, yes, a camp's my delight,
And soldiers the pride of my heart;
And when for old England they fight,
Yes, yes, we will all bear a part.

Speaks.) Yes—man, woman, and child, and every girl of spirit will say on such an occasion,
Oh, a soldier, a soldier for me!

TO-MORROW.

Sung by Mr. INCLEDON, *at Covent-Garden Theatre.*

WRITTEN BY M. G. LEWIS, ESQ.

A Bankrupt in trade, fortune frowning on shore,
All lost, save my spirit and honour;
No choice being left, but to take to the oar,
I've engag'd in the Mars, Captain Connor:
But though the wind calls me, some few words to say
To Polly, these moments I borrow;
For surely she'll grieve that I leave her to-day,
And must sail on the salt seas to-morrow.

Nay, weep not, though fortune her smile now denies,
Time may soften the gipsy's displeasure;
Perhaps she may throw in my way some rich prize,
And send me home loaded with treasure:
If so lucky, oh! doubt not, without more delay,
Will I hasten to banish your sorrow;
And bring back a heart which adores you to-day,
And will love you as dearly to-morrow.

But, ah! the fond hopes may prove faithless and vain,
Which my bosom now ventures to cherish;
In some perilous fight I may haply be slain,
Or whelm'd in the ocean may perish.
Should such be the fate of poor Tom, deign to pay
To his loss a fit tribute of sorrow;
And sometimes remember our parting to-day,
Should a wave be my coffin to-morrow.

SONG.

Sung by Mr. FAWCETT, *in the Princess of Georgia.*

I'VE read of love, and all his tricks,
That he doth gall with honey mix;
But I'm a beast with heart of steel,
That can no pain nor pleasure feel,
And let me still unmov'd remain;
He wants no joy that feels no pain.
O, no! O, no! O, no!
He wants no joy who feels no pain.

I'm blind alike to smile or tear;
I eat, I drink, I see and hear
The merry songsters on the spray,
While love-sick boys pine out each day.
O, let me still unmov'd remain;
He wants no joy that feels no pain.
O, no! O, no! O, no!
He wants no joy who feels no pain.

My undisturb'd repose I take,
While Cupid keeps all men awake;
While he with sighs annoys each breast,
I sing, and nightly take my rest.
So let me still unmov'd remain,
He wants no joy that feels no pain.
O, no! O, no! O, no!
He wants no joy who feels no pain.

SONG.

Sung by Mr. HELME, *at the Royal Circus.*

IN our forefathers' times wolves infested the land,
And hideously prowling, still night fill'd with fear,
Till Briton's bold hunters, at Nimrod's command,
In chace hurl'd the javelin, or brandish'd the spear.

The vanquish'd despoilers their efforts appal,
In safety the peasant dares venture to roam,
Like them thus we'll hunt down the tygers of Gaul,
With hark forward, tantivy, Yoicks, Britons strike home

Our tars, sea-born sportsmen, the chace oft essay,
In pursuit of their game never halt or take breath,
Till o'ertaken, the victim awhile stands at bay,
Yields indignant, bright glory is in at the death.
France threatens her fierce beasts of prey shall appal,
And crimson'd with gore for new spoils hither roam:
Rouze, sportsmen; we'll hunt down the tygers of Gaul,
With hark forward, tantivy, Yoicks, Britons strike home.

Such sport have we shewn them wherever they chase;
St. Vincent, Howe, Bridport, which e'er lead the way,
Warren, Duncan, or Nelson, their fate was disgrace,
Our fleets rode triumphant—'twas theirs to obey!
British bull dogs our tars, still the blood hounds appal,
Tho' prowling, once more have they ventur'd to roam,
Spoke.) But let but one of our brave salt-water sportsmen but fall in with them, and
Again, boys, we'll hunt down the tygers of Gaul,
With hark forward, tantivy, Yoicks, Britons strike home.

SONG.

Sung by Mr. BANNISTER, jun. *in the Embarkation.*

COME, now the heroes of this war
In chorus loud we'll sing,
Who've fought victorious near and far,
For country, laws, and king.

When first the French sneak'd out of Brest,
We pepper'd them, I trow;
Then need I tell you all the rest,
Since you remember—*Howe*.
Then hey for a foe in view,
And damn all foggy weather;
Here's a strong pull, and a long pull,
And a pull boys all together.

The Dons, quoth *Jervis*, I'll attack—
The Dons look'd monstrous grave,
But skill and valour in a crack,
The conquest to us gave.
Says *Duncan* bold—I'll have Mynheer—
Mynheer look'd monstrous gruff,
Till *Winter* found—my lads, 'tis clear—
He'd full warm work enough.
Then hey, &c.

Says gallant *Nelson*, at the Nile,
Egad, I'll have a day—
And so he had a glorious spoil—
But two could run away.
Next *Mitchell*, *Abercrombie*, came,
Resolv'd to have a touch,
Which great will be for Britain's fame,
And happy for the Dutch.
Then hey, &c.

SONG.

Sung by Mr. KELLY, *in Feudal Times.*

GRANT me her for whom I sigh,
In love's sequester'd bowers,
Full swiftly would the minutes fly,
Full smoothly glide the hours.

But tear the dear lov'd maid away,
Then anxious thoughts the soul engage;
While every minute seems a day,
And ev'ry hour—an age!

Give me all thou canst bestow,
Young god of fond desire!
If hoary Time move swift or slow,
I seek not to inquire.
Ah! days of bliss, ye lightly pass!
Yet oft, when Time would turn his hand,
If lover's tears have damp'd his glass,
How heavy runs the sand!

SONG.

Sung by Mrs. JORDAN, *in Pizarro.*

YES, yes, be merciless thou tempest dire;
Unaw'd, unshelter'd, I thy fury brave;
I'll bare my bosom to thy forked fire,
Let it but guide me to Alonzo's grave!
O'er his pale corse then while thy lightning's glare,
I'll press his clay-cold lips, and perish there.

But thou wilt wake again, my boy,
Again thou'lt rise to life and joy,
Thy father never!
Thy laughing eyes will meet the light,
Unconscious that eternal night
Veils his for ever.

On yon green bed of moss there lies my child,
Oh! safer lies from these chill'd arms apart;
He sleeps, sweet lamb! nor heeds the tempest wild,
Oh! sweeter sleeps, than near this breaking heart.
Alas! my babe, if thou would'st peaceful rest,
Thy cradle must not be thy mother's breast.

Yet, thou wilt wake again, my boy,
Again thou'lt rise to life and joy,
Thy father never!——
Thy laughing eyes will meet the light,
Unconscious that eternal night,
Veils his for ever.

THE FRIAR OF NOTTINGHAM.

Sung by Mr. SUETT, *in Feudal Times.*

A Jolly fat friar lov'd liquor, good store,
And he had drank stoutly at supper;
He mounted his horse, in the night, at the door,
And sat with his face to the crupper.
Some rogue, quoth the friar, quite dead to remorse,
Some thief, whom a halter will throttle,
Some scoundrel has cut off the head of my horse,
While I was engaged at the bottle,
Which went gluggity, gluggity, glug, glug, glug.

The tail of the steed pointed South, on the dale,
'Twas the friar's road home, strait and level,
But, when spurr'd, a horse follows his nose, not his tail,
So he scamper'd due North, like a devil.
This new mode of docking, the friar then said,
I perceive doesn't make a horse trot ill;
And 'tis cheap; for he never can eat off his head,
While I am engaged at the bottle,
Which goes gluggity, gluggity, glug, glug, glug.

The steed made a stop; in the pond he had got,
He was rather for drinking than grazing;
Quoth the friar, 'tis strange headless horses should trot,
But to drink with their tails is amazing!
Turning round to see whence this phœnomenon rose,
In the pond fell this son of a pottle;
Quoth he, the head's found, for I'm under his nose;
I wish I were over a bottle,
Which goes gluggity, gluggity, glug, glug, glug.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Sung in the Red-Cross Knights.

BLOW, Warder, blow thy sounding horn!
And the banner wave on high,
For the Christians have fought on the Moslem land,
And have won the victory.
Loud, Warder, blow thy sounding horn!
And the banner wave on high!
Let the glee be sung, and the bells be rung,
and the feast ate merrily.
The Warder look'd from the tow'r on high,
As far as he could see:
I see a bold knight, and by his red-cross,
He comes from the Moors' country.
Then, loud the Warder blew his horn,
And call'd till he was hoarse:
I see a bold knight, and on his shield bright
He beareth a flaming cross.
Oh, then the knight to the castle came,
The lord of it to meet!
Who welcome dear to the stranger gave,
And lovingly did him greet.
Thou'rt welcome here, dear Red-Cross Knight!
Dear knight, oh, thy news gives joy to me!
And the glee shall be sung, and the bells shall be rung
And we'll feast right merrily.
Oh, he is come from the Moslem land,
And has set the Christians free!
Behold the device that he bears on his shield,
A red-cross knight is he!
And they have fought in the Moslem land,
And have won the victory;
For with valiant might did the Christians fight,
And made the proud Pagans fly.

Thou'rt welcome here, dear red-cross knight!
Dear knight, come, blithe and chearful be,
And, for the good tidings thou dost bring,
We'll feast us merrily.
For all in the castle shall rejoice,
That we've won the victory;
And the glee shall be sung,
And the bells shall be rung,
And the feast ate merrily.

THE DEATH OF CRAZY JANE.

WRITTEN BY J. RANNIE.

O'ER the gloomy woods resounding,
Far, far from the joyless vale,
Deep the heavy death bell sounding,
Tolls a luckless maiden's knell.
Nearer, on the low wind floating,
Sweetly flows the tuneful strain,
Pity's choir the dirge devoting.
To the shade of Crazy Jane.

In that grove, where erst her ditty,
Wild and loud the mourner rais'd;
While the virgins, mov'd with pity,
Wept to find poor Jane was craz'd.
In that grove, in plaintive numbers
Slowly falls the solemn strain,
Where the hapless maiden slumbers,
There in peace, rests Crazy Jane.

In that grove where Henry left her,
Bleeding with love's cruel smart,
When despair of sense bereft her—
When affliction broke her heart.
In that grove forbear to languish;
Gentle virgins, cease the strain!
Death has lull'd from grief and anguish
Love's sad victim, Crazy Jane.

THE NAVY AND ARMY OF BRITAIN FOR EVER.

Sung by Mr. TOWNSEND, *in the Naval Pillar.*

TO be bold in her cause, let Britannia inspire
Her sons, who enjoy all that freedom can give,
And may Englishmen feel, that 'tis liberty's fire,
Sheds warmrh o'er the soil on whose treasures they live.
In despite of each foe,
May the universe know,
That while ocean from strangers our island shall sever;
Independant we'll sing,
Here's our laws and our king,
And the Navy and Army of Britain for ever!

May George still victorious and fortunate prove,
And when aged and honour'd his earthly course fails,
May his people transfer their respect and their love,
To the hopes of his countrymen, George, Prinee of Wales.
May his children succeed,
And posterity read
That Englishmen ne'er were disloyal; no, never;
Then boys never wince,
Here's the King and the Prince,
And the Navy and Army of Britain for ever.

NEW

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

THE blessings of a reign of peace, and the glories of a golden age.

The dog tax; and may that on puppies, when levied, be more productive.

The four Lords: that is to say, Lord St. Vincent, Lord Duncan, Lord Nelson, and Lord d—n the Dutch.

May those who live longest know least of care.

May Buonaparte and all his party meet the fate of Pharaoh in the Red Sea.

May the poor never want bread, and may the crusty soul who would take it from them never taste the crumbs of comfort.

The first tribute due to friendship—gratitude.

May all those in Holland who oppose the friendship of old England, be un-dammed.

Calmness in a storm, courage in a fight, a worthy commander, and an enemy that it will be a glory to conquer.

May the physic administered by Dr. Temperance, starve all the quacks in England.

May the gallows be the picture frame of all who sham Abraham.

May we ever in our different and perplexing journey through life, shun the Road to Ruin.

May Duncan never feel a Winter's storm.

May the smiles of conjugal affection compensate the frowns of fortune.

May the friends we love be sincere, and the country we live in be free.

The four things that go well, and are comely in going—A clean ship in the midst of the sea, a race horse at Newmarket, the name of Newland, and a good guinea, which go all the world over.

May all those who for sordid interest endeavour to betray their country, meet the same fate with their predecessor, the grand traitor Judas.

Perpetual disappointment to the enemies of England.

May we always be attached to those who persevere in generous endeavours to promote the welfare of their country.

May we never seek applause from party principles, but always deserve it from public spirit.

May all attempts to pervert and destroy our precious constitution, be frustrated and void.

May the *Notes* of Abraham Newland be the concord of sweet sounds to every true Briton, but harsh thunder to Tom Paine and the French Directory.

May the man of benevolence never taste the bitter draught of life.

May we always experience friendship without interest, and love without deceit.

A fine girl, a plentiful fortune, and a residence in the county of happiness.

THE END.

[Printed by J. Roach, Russel-Court.]

In the Press, and speedily will be Published.

SECRET MEMOIRS of the GREEN-ROOMS; for 1800. Containing the Authentic and Entertaining Lives of the Actors and Actresses of the Theatres-Royal. *Price One Shilling.*